

Distract Me

by smile1

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Summary: Alec/Clary one piece./Takes place after "Blood Calls to Blood" /Jace was no longer an anchor and she needed one./ She was off her feet the next second, Alec lifting her with ease as if she wasn't being weighed down by everything. She wondered how many girls had noticed him for the same features, for the beautiful distraction he was.

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****Disclaimer:** I don't own the book series _The Mortal Instruments_ nor do I own the right to the TV show _Shadowhunters._ All I own is my imagination and the laptop I wrote this on.**

****A/N:** **I can't seem to get enough of the Alec/Clary pairing. I've been scouring the Internet for more stories that center around their relationship, preferably based on the TV series. Unfortunately, I'm having a hard time finding them so if you have any suggestions, please let me know? This story is a little dramatic, but I had to get this idea out of my head so I hope I managed to stay true to the characters in some sense. And that you'll enjoy it. :)

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><p>Distract Me

"And when I picture how I'm going to get that smile on your face, I blush."

The world was all jumbled up, like the inside of a snow globe when somebody was shaking it. Everything was coming down around them.

Jace and her were no longer at the verge of something committal and they had been diminished into pieces that would no longer fit no matter how many times they changed position. Blood did run that deep.

He could barely look her way while she no longer knew how to act when around him. It was a dirty secret that they had to tell.

Just like there were secrets between all of them. No one was acting like themselves.

She didn't belong. Jace made her feel like she didn't belong.

She understood his regret, shock, and even disgust, but what she didn't understand was how he was pushing her aside, avoiding her so they wouldn't have to talk about it. Even though she needed to know that she wasn't alone and that all of them were still there for one another, despite Clary and Jace's romantic relationship having instantly evaporated into the thick air between them.

Their bond was something that was supposed to last, she was supposed to have a place here.

Clary had been lingering on the threshold long enough, watching and wringing her hands together as Jace sat on a sofa with his head in his hands. She hadn't seen his eyes in a while. He didn't seem like himself to her: a stranger and no longer an anchor.

Instead she had looked to Alec to keep her a part of everything, a role he had always been ready to step into. The words between them were only spoken when she needed them, but he still included her even though he didn't quite know what was going on between her and Jace. She saw the lines of worry pass over his face often enough, but she looked away before he could ask, using her thick locks as a piece of armor.

Jace's shoulders tensed up as soon as Clary set foot in the same space as him. She had expected nothing less and moved close enough to speak covertly, though she made sure the coffee table remained between the two of them.

"We need to talk." She unclasped her hands and held her arms at her sides.

Jace shook his head, raising it from his hands so he could lift it up, sit up straighter. "Now isn't the time, Clary."

"There never seems to be any time. To talk. But we need to get through this somehow."

"In case you haven't noticed, this is my somehow."

Clary's brow furrowed. "We won't get past this if we--"

"There's no getting past this. Blood is a permanent thing."

"I know that, Jace. But we should, at least, be able to beâ€¦"

"Friends?" he asked incredulously. He ran his hands over his face, letting out a harsh bark of laughter that didn't sound right to her. "We have never been friends, Clary. And your naivety in this situation isn't endearing." He shook his head, hands on his knees. "We should've known."

"How could we have known?"

"Somehow!" Jace raised his voice. "Aren't you sick to the bone by all of this?"

"Yes, of course. But it doesn't change that we can still be there for each other and-"

"We can't!" His fingers turned white as he dug them into his knees. "My hands have been on you, our mouthsâ€¦" He shook his head, unable to finish his sentence, the disgust and regret evident on his face.

"Jace, don't-"

"Leave," he cut her off sharply. When she didn't move, he removed both hands from his knees and brought them down brutally on the table in front of him, shattering the glass with his force and strength.

She jumped and he got up in one swift movement, his gaze harsh as it landed on her. "Leave!"

Clary's eyes were wide in disbelief as she took in his reaction, understanding the severity of it yet not recognizing this side of him. She took a step towards him, reaching out her hand in a form of comfort. Forgetting her bare feet and the boots she had left in the large hallway, the sharp sting of glass cutting into skin was unexpected and a great representation of how she felt on the inside as well. She jumped, a thoughtless thing to do since the action made it worse. It made the entire situation worse. And she doubted that she would be able to do anything in her power to salvage the pieces and put things haphazardly together so she and Jace were at least in a place that was bearable.

Behind her two pairs of footsteps hurried into the space, Isabel's gasp loud in the thick silence. Clary turned her upper body so she could look at the dark-haired brother and sister behind her.

"Clary, you're bleeding!" Isabel exclaimed, touching her fingers to her mouth.

"What's going on in here?" Alec asked, stepping forwards so he was just beside Clary, his eyes taking a quick survey of the mess they had managed to get themselves into. He could have told them so, or at least Jace.

"Are you okay?" Isabel asked before Clary could open her mouth and lie that all was right between her and Jace. So, she just nodded, staying quiet as Alec moved closer to her, almost protectively, his boots crunching down on the broken glass. "What happened?"

Jace finally looked in Clary's direction, shaking his head. "Don't. We're both guilty enough."

"Jace, we didn't know. How could we?"

"Guilty of what? Didn't know what? You two need to fill us in," the words came tumbling from Isabel one after the other.

"Now," Alec added demandingly.

Jace's expression was torn between anguish and anger for a split second, long enough for everyone to notice, before he put his shield back up. He didn't want to admit to his vulnerability and blindness when it came to her. When it had come to her. "No. Not yet," he decided for the two of them.

Clary quickly nodded her head, looking away from the blond boy across from her. "When he's ready. We'll keep our distance until then."

Jace nodded, turning his back to all of them. "I think it's best if you leave."

"Jace!" Isabel voiced her disagreement. "It's not safe. Where will she go?"

"Luke's. It's the only--"

"Don't be ridiculous," Alec surprisingly cut her off. "This place is more than big enough for each of you to pick your own corner."

"Alec, it's fine."

"You're a Shadowhunter, aren't you?" he asked, eyes almost glowing as he looked at her.

"Yeah, you're stuck with us," Isabel reassured Clary softly, lightly squeezing her upper arm. "Jace will put on his big boy pants and act cordially, at least! It's Clary, Jace," she directed at Jace. "Now, you should have your foot looked at. Take out the glass. Meanwhile, Jace and I will clean up this mess. Was this really necessary?" she asked Jace.

Clary nodded, making as if she was going to move, but Alec was by her side before she had the chance to put her foot down. "If you put weight on that, the glass is only going in further." She was off her feet the next second, Alec lifting her with ease as if she wasn't being weighed down by everything. It allowed her to take a breath, her body's muscles loosening as she accepted the temporary comfort his body and hold were offering her. She uncurled the fist of the arm she had draped over his shoulder, her fingertips lightly touching the unruly curls at the nape of his neck.

He moved quickly, the route an unknown one to her as he made his way up a set of stairs and down a hallway she had never been down before. The door he walked through had been left open and welcoming her were the off-white and grey tones of his bedroom. The space was large and open, interrupted only by a piece of furniture here and there. There were no unnecessary decorations and no modern pieces of technology in sight, which was very different from Jace's room. In its place were stacks of books scattered throughout the room.

Alec lowered her down onto the massive piece of furniture that was his bed, the sheets soft and luxurious beneath her. He was more careful than Clary had ever given him credit for, gently keeping her foot elevated as he pulled the armchair close enough for him to sit. He opened up a drawer next to him, pulling out fresh bandages and

tweezers.

Clary's eyebrows raised and Alec met her questioning eyes with his own. "I usually take care of my own injuries." He put down his tools for a few seconds, taking off his jacket to reveal a simple black t-shirt. "Ready?"

Clary bit her lip, leaning her weight on her elbows as she rested her foot on his thigh.

"If you sit still, I'll do my best not to make it hurt."

"I don't care if it does."

Now it were Alec's eyebrows that raised, but he didn't look at her, keeping his gaze secured on her foot instead. He used his fingers to gently pull out a slightly bigger piece of glass, the touch soft as his other hand held her ankle steady.

She barely felt it when he retrieved the shard from her foot and he felt her relax some in his hold. "You might as well tell me what's going on between you two," Alec pointed out while he reached for the tweezers to use on the smaller shards. "What happened?" he asked when Clary didn't answer him.

She watched him as his brow furrowed ever so slightly in frustration and concentration, his eyes temporarily hidden from her beneath his raven locks. She wondered how many girls had noticed him for the same features, for the beautiful distraction he was. "I don't think it's just my place to tell you," she began carefully. "You're his parabatai and—" She released a breath. "It hurt him more, I think."

"If it has such a hold on his emotions, it might be better to just get it all out in the open. I might be able to help him deal with it."

But what about her? Would he be able to help her get through this as well? It were thoughts that she didn't voice, even though Alec was the distraction she was so desperately seeking.

"Valentine told us that Jace is his son too." She kept her gaze averted from the boy across from her, even when she felt his eyes burn hot on her skin.

"Jace is heartbroken," Alec stated the fact out loud. "You're his—"

"Yeah," Clary replied more sharply than she had wanted to. "So you can imagine how I feel."

Alec unraveled the bandages. "Yet you bottle it up," he observed while taking her foot in his hand as he began calmly wrapping it to offer at least some soft padding for when she would get up.

She shrugged, her eyes everywhere but on Alec. "I have no choice but to accept it. It's wrong. Just another thing that Valentine has ruined. I guess you were right, it's all my fault." She let out a chuckle even though Alec heard the hurt she was doing her best to keep from him. She was trying to stay strong, respecting the bond he

had with Jace. He wasn't meant to be there for her or that was how Clary was choosing to see it. Yet his actions tonight were proving the opposite.

"I need to leave," Clary announced the second Alec had finished wrapping her foot and ankle.

"No," Alec said simply, getting up while still holding on to her foot with one hand. He forced her body to turn with him as he lowered her foot down onto his bed. It was an unexpected snapshot, of her on his sheets. "Not tonight. You've become part of our team. We need to get through this."

"He hates me, Alec."

"He's a highly emotional person. So are you. Usually, at least."

"Right, whereas you're this rational being," Clary retorted with a roll of her eyes.

Alec bit back a smile as he sat down on the edge of his bed.

"There's nothing wrong with just feeling things and acting on them, you know." She lifted her chin in his direction and Alec's hand was back on her ankle, his fingertips straying to the fray of her jeans.

"No good things tend to come from that," Alec replied, seeming to speak more to himself than to her as his voice was barely a whisper. Yet he didn't remove his hand.

Clary's eyes followed the subtle movements of his fingers while he kept his eyes on her.

"What if it was only one night, a stolen moment, a—"

"Clary," Alec got her attention by playfully giving one of her loose strands a tug. "I know you must—"

"Your bedroom isn't what I'd imagined," she stopped him mid-sentence, her hand on his as she pulled it further up her leg. He was caught off guard, even more so when she got even more bold and leaned in close enough for her to press her lips against his. They shared a breath and where she kept her hands close, his flew up to her face. He didn't give himself the time to think about his actions and deepened the kiss in a way that reminded Clary of a man who had gone without water for too long. He pushed her backwards, using his weight until he was on top of her. She arched her back as she got as close as she could.

Alec disappeared in a sea of red waves while Clary got lost in the discovery of all of his hard edges and in all the ways she could soften them.

It was bliss. It was denial, the only way to forget.

At least for one night.

* * *

><p>Please Review? :) I would really appreciate your thoughts on the idea, characters, interaction, my writing. Basically, just what you think. Add any suggestions for stories you might have. Thank you!

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file.